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furnished. Enough is told, nevertheless, to establish for the city of the Doges at least a second rank in the annals of music.

The Chevalier Sarti is spoken of as a real personage, and we are invited to think that the details of this story tell substantial facts of his early life. However this may be, the facts of life in Venice at the close of the last century are here,—the life of the city palace and the country villa, of the square of St. Mark, the casino of St. Stephen, the theatre, and the gondola; the habits of the aristocracy, the priests, the artists, and the people; the ways of thinking, speaking, intriguing, and conspiring; varieties of age, of character, of situation, and of fortune,—grouped before us in a series of finished cabinet pictures. The portrait of "Beata" reminds us of Allston's Rosalie and Goethe's Mignon, and the Senator Zeno is one of those grand old figures which Titian loved to paint. The outline of the Venetian lady of pure and unmixed blood is complete in the sentence that she was a "Greek slightly modified by Christianity." The musical *abbé* is a perfect type of the clerical class of his period. A refined and fastidious sensualist, without earnestness in faith, without confidence in God or men, careless of the future, whether political or social, of his nation, a dilettante in history and in art, charitable to error, but impatient of theories, he shows us the spirit of the Venetian Church far better than its own dreary records.

The style of the volume is deliciously appropriate. It floats and undulates, like the "gondellieder" of Mendelssohn, in its more serious passages, and sparkles in the lighter passages like a French "barcarolle." It has the fascinating, dreamy mingling of brightness and sadness, of sun and shadow, which surrounds and overhangs that city of so many memories. Its proper preface is, indeed, a sketch of the genius of Beethoven, and the story of the moonlight sonata. The soul of Beethoven was profoundly in sympathy with the life and scenery and spirit of the haughty and daring republic, and its fortunes are not obscurely written out in the mystic chords of his Symphonies. It is Beethoven whom one hears at midnight in Venice, when the shadow of those solemn piles hushes the motionless waters to deeper silence.

4.—*Germaine.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris. 1857. 16mo. pp. 318.

M. ABOUT will gain a reputation like that of Dumas, if he goes on for a year or two longer. Each quarterly is called to notice some work

from his fluent and brilliant pen. The last issue that has reached us (though we notice in the French papers that another is announced) is this novel of "Germaine." As a story it is inferior to "Tolla," and as a satire it cannot be compared to "Le Roi des Montagnes"; yet it is much better than common French novels. The wit is keen and sparkling, the scenes are excellently painted, the contrast between the French and the Spanish national character and taste is well set forth, and a new chapter of Greek life is given in the account of Corfu, its occupations, its inhabitants, and its nuisances. The letters from Corfu are in the best style of About's humor, full of side-hits, especially at the English, whom, as a true Frenchman, he is never weary of ridiculing; as where he speaks of the two daughters of an India Colonel, on board a steamer, "yellow as Russia leather," silent with their fellow-passengers because unable to speak a word of French, rushing upon deck every few moments to take sketches in their albums of "landscapes like plum-puddings,"—or where he mentions that the English have made of Corfu a second Gibraltar *at the expense of the Greeks*,—or where he tells how the English have adapted the death of Joan of Arc for representation in their theatres, making it a death from a wound in battle, and not a judicial murder, and Joan comes in with a "helmet of silver paper, flourishing a great flag like a fan."

The personages of the novel are the Duke and Duchess d'Embleuse, the parents of Germaine; the Countess de Villaneva, and her son Don Diego, who becomes Germaine's husband; Madame de Chermidy, the beautiful and brilliant mistress of Don Diego, whose husband is captain of a French frigate and takes no thought for his wife; Madame de Chermidy's chambermaid, "Le Tas," a true specimen of the Parisian *intrigante*; the Doctor Le Bris, kind, shrewd, and scientific; and Mantoux, the Jewish thief and assassin. The Duke is selfish, weak, lazy, dissolute, and a bankrupt. His wife is amiable, passive, credulous, without any will of her own. The Countess and her son are very grave, very taciturn, very tall and awkward, very proud and sanctimonious. Madame de Chermidy is as cunning as she is beautiful, as unscrupulous as she is ambitious. Her son, Gomez, the only being that she disinterestedly loves, is as ugly as his father, Don Diego. Germaine, a young lady of good education and good parts, appears from the beginning as an invalid, a destined victim of consumption. She marries Don Diego, that his unlawful child may have a lawful mother. Neglecting to die at once, as it was expected, she incurs the bitter hatred of the real mother of Gomez, who devises her destruction. We shall not attempt to state the unravelling of the fourfold plot of this singular story, which begins by a daughter's marrying, in hope, by her speedy death, of re-

lieving her parents from debt, and ends with the murder of the woman who had been meditating another's murder, with a marvellous recovery from hopeless consumption, and with a most improbable adjustment of the strange situations of the several personages.

5. — *Séjour chez le Grand-Chérif de la Mekke.* Par CHARLES DIDIER. Paris : Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 310.

LESS thorough and instructive than Mr. Burton's account of his pilgrimage to Mecca, this volume by M. Didier is even more graphic and fascinating. The motive for his journey was partly misanthropical. Disgusted with Paris, France, and Europe, for reasons public and private which he does not mention, he goes off to the East to get away from the world and find rest. A pleasant winter in Cairo mollifies his hatred of men in some degree, and he promptly accepts the invitation of an Englishman to go with him to Mount Sinai and Arabia, and as near to Mecca as it may be practicable. The expedition was very successful and satisfactory. They saw everything except Mecca, and saw perhaps as much of Moslem life as if they had seen the Holy City, besides avoiding the infinite trouble and the constant danger of maintaining the most difficult of all disguises. In their proper persons, making no pretensions to any lineage but Frank lineage, or any faith but Christian faith, they were able to sail down the Red Sea, to land unmolested at Jeddah, to traverse without fear the sacred pathway worn by pilgrim feet, and to encamp before Mount Arafat ; they were guests of Pachas and of Sherifs, were treated with attention, kindness, and respect, furnished with conveniences of every sort, faithfully escorted from the sea to the mountains and from the mountains to the sea, and returned to Egypt in excellent health and spirits, without any experience of the savage inhospitality of the Moslem fanatics.

At the commencement of his journey M. Didier had the good fortune to meet with Mr. Burton, and obtained from him many useful hints. He bears emphatic testimony to Mr. Burton's skill in counterfeiting the Arabian manners and language, and relates an amusing interview which the "Sheikh Abdallah" had with one of his fellow-pilgrims, who chanced to meet him on the desert. Mr. Burton gave M. Didier, on parting, the Koran which he wore on his expedition, which now for a second time was to be worn in the path of faith at the girdle of an infidel. The visit to Mount Sinai, by way of the valley of Tûr, was at once a pleasant relief from the monotony of the lazy voyage down the